The Sun.
BOOKS AND THE BOOK WORLD
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1918.

SO satisfying and complete a record of the life on board a square rigger as FELIX RIESENBERG has made in his book *Under Sail* DAVID MARTIN of the British ship Wayfarer can never hope to set down. Mr. RIESENBERG's ship, the American skysail yarder A. J. Fuller of New York, sailed in December, 1897, with a general cargo consigned to Brewer & Co., an old Hawaiian house. It was the most general of general cargoes, and included shapes of steel and iron which when assembled could puff away as a complete locomotive. In unloading the Fuller at Honolulu the mate, Mr. ZERK, had opportunity to display his seamanship and resoureefulness to the hilt.

The Wayfarer, leaving San Francisco in July, 1909, carried nothing but barley in bags, consigned to whom DAVID MARTIN never knew, but unquestionably destined for the Edinburgh distilleries. It was more than ordinarily appropriate when setting the foretopgallantsail to sing:

"Oh, whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, my JOHNNY;
Oh, whiskey made me what I am,
Oh, whiskey for my JOHNNY.

"Yes, whiskey made me sell my coat,
Whiskey, my JOHNNY;
Oh, whiskey's what keeps me afloat,
Oh, whiskey for my JOHNNY."

Mr. RIESENBERG reports a rendition of this famous chantey in which even Capt. NICHOLS of the Fuller joined "in a funny, squeaky voice—but none of us dared laugh at him." The American ship had just passed Staten Island, heading south. There was sunshine, a fair wind and a moderate sea. Every one was thrilled with the possibility that after all the passage of Cape Horn (alias "Cape Stiff"; alias "the corner") might be made in record time—the westward passage, mind you, which means prevailing head winds. This was not accomplished. The great moment came, however, the next morning, when Capt. NICHOLS, stumping back and forth on the poop, suddenly stopped and held out a pair of binoculars, saying:

"That's Cape Horn over there, FELIX. Take a good look at it. You may never see it again, if you were born lucky."

Naturally FELIX was staggered by this piece of good fortune. What he saw was a cold blue knob rising out of the sea. Later he saw the gaunt rocks of Diego Ramirez, lying about sixty sea miles S. W. by W. from Cape Stiff. "Ten days after fetching away from the Cape we beat south and sighted this grim sentinel, the outpost of the tempest and the gale—ten days of such seagoing as seldom falls to the men who nowadays go down to the sea in steamers."

Rounding Cape Horn.

Making the much easier eastward passage of the Horn in the spring of the year, September, DAVID MARTIN of the Wayfarer had none of the extreme hardships to endure that befel FELIX of the A. J. Fuller. For a matter of five weeks, perhaps, DAVID was also wet through and through day and night, with never an opportunity to dry himself or his clothing. In the swift change from tropical weather to the horse latitudes he had caught cramps which pretty well tested his powers of endurance, especially as he stood four hours lookout every night on the fo'c's'le head from the latitude of Valparaiso in the Pacific to the same latitude in the Atlantic; the first two weeks he stood six hours lookout every night, but this was cut down. As he could not take a trick at the wheel it was intendetd that he should stand all the lookouts of the port watch. The explanation of the mate was that this would keep him, unskilful sailor that he was, from going aloft most of the time at night in bad weather. It was remarked by some one that the Board of Trade regulations required that an able seaman man the lookout, but whether this was so DAVID MARTIN does not know to this day. An able seaman did man the lookout—in the tropics and fine weather.

So little of the external happenings of that passage remain in the recollection after nine years that it will be a source of satisfaction to DAVID if we set down the few facts pencilled in the back of a volume of PRESCOTT'S *Conquest of Mexico*, a transcription of the scanty notes he made in certain books that went with him round the Horn.

Notes of a Wayfarer.

"British ship Wayfarer sailed from San Francisco to Leith, Scotland, July 24, 1909 (Saturday). Docked at Leith, December 11, 1909, at 1:30 A. M., 140 days out.

"*Around the Horn in a Limejuicer.* [Contemplated title of a never written book.]

"A longing for adventure à la STEVENSON. [Untruthful romantic explanation of the passage.]

"Bargain to be shanghaied and the disillusion. [The bargain was not to be shanghaied but to be shipped; and such disillusioning as took place was a good job.]

"'We're homeward bound' chantey at the windlass (breaking out the anchor). Out the Golden Gate, all sail set, 11 plus knots, S. by W. our course. N. E. trade wind.

"Friday, August 27, at 8 A. M. sighted Manga Reva (one of the islands of the Tuamotu or Low archipelago, northwest of Pitcairn Island: French). Ten miles away. At noon position was 22 degrees 55 minutes south latitude; 134 degrees 51 minutes west longitude. Fresh gale that night. [It began in the afternoon with a squall which sent our Welsh skipper dancing about the poop. He seemed clean crazy, knocking men aside in his eagerness to haul on the ropes. We wore ship rapidly so as to get away from the neighborhood of the islands, which, I understand, are encircled with coral reefs. All hands on deck, we took in eleven sails, including the courses, in forty-four minutes; not bad for a Britisher, we thought. But when the mate kept our watch on deck after the first emergency had passed we headed aft, standing at the break of the poop while EDWARDS, a negro, addressed Capt. ROBERTS with mutinous words. Some skippers would have killed him. But our Welshman merely told him to "go forward" and later, in Leith, gave him a bad discharge.]

"September 19. Birthday, age 22, off the Horn. Latitude 59 degrees and something south. Ninety miles south of the Horn. [These two statements don't square with each other, but I think the explanation is that when we were about ninety miles south of the cape we ran into an unexpected head wind which sent us much further south. I remember Capt. ROBERTS saying to me half seriously that we were evidently going to the south pole. With true Welsh changeableness he would speak to me affably one day and damn me properly the next. He was short, stout, dark; there was a sly look in his brown eyes. I think he and the passenger, a young man with prematurely gray hair travelling for his health, had violent rows. I was so wet and cold and altogether miserable that the Captain's remark could not depress my spirits any. Never in my life had I had such a sensation of being cut off from the world we live in. The desolation of those leagues of ocean is complete. Not even the spectacle of other white winged ships nor the incessant company of screaming, voracious sea birds can relieve it. But the "59 degrees and something south" may be decidedly off; we had no snow on deck nor any ice aloft; mostly the sun shone (without warming anybody or drying anything); mostly the winds were fair; it was an easy passage, as all the old sailors assured me and as the writings of others make clear.

The Chronicle Continued.

"Date not given. Gale in 42 degrees 7 minutes south; 43 degrees 49 minutes west. A pampero blowing from the Argentine pampas or plains. Lasted 72 hours. Fresh gale, never dangerous.

"October 12. Spoke Danish bark N. G. V. F. (her name and hailing port in international code signals) 82 days out from Antofagasta, Chile, for Falmouth, England.

"October 23. Warm weather in Atlantic. BROWN came to my bunk in the dark. I had my knife handy.

"October 25. Three masted ship crossed our bow. Refused to answer our signals.

"Date was not given. Signalled limejuice bark, Philadelphia to Adelaide, 20 days out. Second mate (Mr. STOWE) signalled Russian ship, Mobile to Montevideo, 31 days out. Both in about 20 degrees north.

"November 21. Sighted St. Michael's (San Miguel) in the Western Islands (the Azores). It lay to windward and we signalled Villa Franca.

"November 29. At 8 P. M. we raised Bishop Rock in the Scilly Islands. At 10 P. M. I was aloft on the fore yard loosing the sail when I thought some one struck a match in my face. It was the flash of the great Lizard light, the outpost of England.

"November 30. With a fair wind aft and making better than eight knots we passed at 4 P. M. to-day through the middle of the Channel fleet, sixteen dirty gray British battleships and cruisers parting in their formation of four abreast to let us through. Of course we broke out the red ensign.

"First week in December. In the North Sea, and after sighting St. Abb's Head light off the entrance of the Firth of Forth, we were struck by a whole gale lasting 24 hours and entered in the log as of 'hurricane' force; it was about force 10 of the Beaufort scale, I fancy. We hove to but were driven miles to leeward. My sea boots from the slop chest burst and I was thoroughly miserable. I said to the mate: 'This will about do me.' He answered: 'I expect so,' with an inflection that was a little sarcastic and a little sad; I suspect he was thinking of the many more gales as bad or worse he would have to handle ships in, and of the wife and the youngsters at home in England, I never knew just where. The fierce old Bo's'n (very gentle under his forbidding exterior) hails from Newcastle. Old Sails, the sailmaker, a fiery red cheeked Welsh lad of nearly seventy, who has spent half a century at sea and has even been in a ship dismasted off the Horn, 'belongs to' Swansea (as sailormen say). We had the Wayfarer under her main lower topsail and fore lower topsail, but at noon all hands had to go aloft to take in the fore. It was a half hour job and the leach was torn to tatters. I went aloft and was first on the yard and then trying with all my weight to come up some on the buntlines. For some reason the men seemed to think that I had shown proper pluck and even old BROWN, who had threatened to kill me (and certainly tried to once aloft) was unaffectedly cordial. When the weather let up we were in the midst of a lot of Dutch fishing boats.

Unwritten Recollections.

Of the books DAVID MARTIN had with him no precise record exists. There was a copy of *Madame Bovary* and there were certain volumes from Everyman's Library bound in limp leather which was somewhat limper before Leith was reached. These included four volumes, containing *The Spectator*, but DAVID hardly looked at any beyond the first; a copy of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea;* a copy of HERMAN MELVILLE'S epic of whaling, *Moby Dick*, which was read with appreciation by Mr. WALKER, the mate; and perhaps one or two other books of fiction. But the book which the ordinary seaman really read with attention, especially in the cold weather off the Horn, was JOSIAH ROYCE'S *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. It gave him intellectual exercise and perhaps a measure of nourishment; but one day in that trying time he entered the wet and foul smelling fo'c's'le to find GRAVES, the most devout of the negroes, reading from a small book. DAVID borrowed it and read a short chapter beginning, "The LORD is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me . . . " There were no sheep except the wretched and ill clad men huddled under the fo'c's'le head that unforgettable Sunday. There were no green pastures, there was only a green and undulating waste of icy waters. But DAVID read and was comforted. In these few words, as in that wretched life, he found something that Professor ROYCE, with all his earnestness, could not distil for him from the reasonings of the greatest philosophers. Men call it faith, but it is not, as they so often rate it, an act of belief; it is that act of belief which makes all other acts possible. A man who believes nothing can do nothing. A man who believes in a GOD can do almost anything. And a man who believes in a GOD who was also a man can do the work of a man as his GOD would do it.

There is about the life of the sea as it was lived on the deep water sailing ships a great nobility and a dignity which every true sailor has felt and which is perfectly captured in good tales of the sea, whether they are plain, objective narratives like *Two Years Before the Mast* and *Under Sail* or intensely subjective and fictional relations like *The Nigger of the Narcissus, Youth* and *The End of the Tether*. Men who were the scum of the earth ashore, who were jailed for everything from vagrancy and drunkenness to murder, who were the helpless prey of crimps and pimply faced boarding house runners, whose debaucheries were vile, who had no "education" in that they could hardly read or write and had sometimes to sign with a cross the articles which bound them to a passage "between latitude so and so and latitude so and so, longitude this and that and longitude t'other, *of not more than three years' duration*"—men who on the land had no footing and no home, no stitch of clothing and apparently no souls they could call their own, whose bodies were pawns used by thieves—these men were Men in a vessel off soundings. They felt their dignity as they knew their duty; they were self-respecting and respected. Make no landlubberly mistake about them. Draw no hasty inference from the way they were starved and cursed and kicked about; the good sailors among them were recognized for what they were by the worst manhandlers that ever walked a quarterdeck, just as the capable ship's officer got his due from the fo'c's'le crowd.

The tests of a man's worth ashore are fluctuating and frequently false. They are almost invariably confused with the man's success. Success in love, success in a career, success in money making—these things bulk big on the land and a man may be utterly unworthy who has achieved one or more of them and still he will be looked up to; he may even be respected, though what passes for respect on the land is often nothing but a sort of envious admiration. At sea there is no chance for "success" except, perhaps, in the case of ships' masters who are more or less subjected to the contaminating influence of landsmen's ideals. At sea there is no chance for anything but actual or potential worth. Has a man certain indispensable stuff in him? If so, the sea will bring it out. Can a man do his work properly? If not, the sea will be mercilessin its exposure. In every stage of human history it has been the nations of sailors who have prospered; for the sea, with its simple and unbending standards of worth, is a perpetual frontier.